Is He Satisfied?

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"I shall be satisfied," This oft repeating,
I heard sweet voices carol, until sleep
Came silently, my weary senses meeting;
Then far away the voices grew and deep;
And when at length, was hushed their joyous strain,
My lips took up the lost refrain;
But as in dreams, I wandered far and wide,
One word I changed, and sang " I *must* be satisfied."

II

Led by a hand unseen—still was I sleeping—
Came I, ere long, within a spacious field,
Where, stem on stem before me, felled by reaping,
Lay ripened wheat, the summer's plentious yield.
And as the morning sun uprising, sparkling, beamed,
Each dewy spike a row of jewels seemed,
My eyes, enchanted, roved from side to side,
Yet sang I, not I am, but must be satisfied.

III

A still small voice, and though its source
unknowing,
Its power I felt, "Thy work" it said, "lies here.
Between these lines glean thou, till glowing
Far down awest, thy day's light doth appear,
With its last rays, the Master good shall come;"
"Ah yes," I cried, "and then for Harvest Home;
And if in worth excelling all beside,
My sheaves the Master find, I shall be satisfied."

IV

Eager, intent, the appointed task beginning,
I gathered from the stalks about my feet.
More and more gathered, till I knew for winning,
The wished for end, alas, they were not meet.
Stems, leaves and grain, how dwarfed were they;
Drooping their spikes, I cast them all away.
"Shall my short day to these be given?" I cried;
"With gleaning only this, can I be satisfied?"

V

"Ah, no," and in the near beyond espying,
A finer growth my bounds I over stept;
Farther and farther moved, defying
The gentle voice that, faithful ever, kept
Its rhythmic measure, "Here thy work lies, here,"
Above it rose ambition's accents clear;
"Go on," her song, "till all thy taste and pride
Require, be thine, and thou be satisfied."

VI

Anon, behold me; can I have been dreaming?
Amid tall, graceful, finely rounded sheaves.
Proud as I gazed, with life they all seemed teeming,
So straight their stalks and spikes, so green their leaves.
But when I said, one more I'll fashion, lo
A reddening light, the west was all aglow;
And in the deepening shade the Master gained my side,
And found me with my sheaves, so satisfied.

VII

Around me, up and down, voices admiring,
With loudest peans, filled the misty air,
Like tokens from my Master's lips desiring,
I sought His face, no answering gleam was there;
Backward He turned my gaze, to where my ear
First caught the low-breathed word, "Thy work lies here,
Between these lines glean thou till eventide."
O sinking heart of mine, again unsatisfied?

VIII

No evening there; the daylight not yet dying,
Revealed to me, forms bent by sore dismay;
Their hope of future sustenance still lying
Untouched, as at the early day,
Save where some feeble hands had striven my place to fill,
And reared sheaves few and small with naught of skill.
The Master's smile that effort glorified,
'Twas "What they could," and He was satisfied.

IX

"Let me go back," I cried, before Him kneeling,
"Glad will I leave these scenes, erstwhile
beloved;
There, still is light; I will atone," appealing
Was vain, the Master all unmoved;
"Too late," He said, "too late, behold thy sun
His last ray calleth home, thy day is done.
What thou alone coulds't give, hast thou denied;
With thee am I forever more unsatisfied."

X

"Unsatisfied forever," words hope crushing;
I sank to earth, when, joy of joys, I woke;
Once more to greet a new morn fair and blushing,
Whose softly radiant light the dream-spell broke.
But on my heart as if by angels penned,
This precept lies,—"Where'er thy days thou
spend,
Lowly or irksome if the tasks He send,
This thy ambition be, and this thy pride,
That with thy life, through His, the Christ, be
satisfied."